

Black Rhythm

Cab Calloway

Down in Louisiana
There's a grand piano playing man
He knows that they can't kid him
'Cause he's got hot rhythm in his hand The blues that he'll compose will thrill you
From your head to your toes
He called his song, black rhythm
'Cause his black hands did it 'neath the moon The keys he plays on sweetly
And you're left completely in a swoon
The melancholy strum
Mixed with the rum-tum of melodious blues When he plays the blue note
And adds a new note
You'll think that he wrote a symphony
But he's just improvising On a southern mammy melody
You'll quit your pouting
And start a-shouting
No need in doubting he knows the keys He can lay on the white ones
Can play on the black ones with ease
The way he plays, black rhythm
Makes the gang stick with him all night long Forget the hour is late
They hear him syncopate his mournful song
A-humming like the breeze
A-strumming lightly on those ivories

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